COURT POEMS.

VIZ;

I. The *Basset-Table*. An ECLOGUE.

II. The DRAWING-ROOM.

III. The TOILET.

Publish'd faithfully, as they were found in a Pocket-Book taken up in Westminster-Hall, *the Last Day of the Lord* Winton's *Tryal.*

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II. The DRAWING-ROOM.

III. The TOILET.

Advertiſement.

THE Reader *is acquainted, from the* Title-Page, *how I came poſſeſs'd of the following* POEMS. *All that I have to add, is, only a Word or two concerning their* Author.

Upon Reading them over at St. James's Coffee-Houſe, *they were attributed by the General Voice to be the Productions of a* LADY *of* Quality.

When I produc'd them at Button's, *the* Poetical Jury *there brought in a different Verdict; and the* Fore-

man *ſtrenuouſly inſiſted upon it, that* Mr. GAY *was the Man; and declar'd, in Comparing the* Ballet-Table, *with that Gentleman's* PASTORALS, *he found the Stile, and* Turn of Thought, *to be evidently the ſame; which confirm'd him, and his Brethren, in the Sentence they had pronounc'd.*

Not content with theſe Two Perſons, I was reſolv'd to call in an Umpire; and accordingly choſe a Gentleman of diſtinguiſh'd Merit, who lives not far from Chelſea. *I ſent him the Papers; which he return'd me the next Day, with this Anſwer:*

SIR, Depend upon it, theſe Lines could come from no other Hand, than the Judicious Tranſlator of HOMER.

Thus

Thus having impartially given the Sentiments of the Town ; *I hope I may deserve Thanks, for the Pains I have taken, in endeavouring to find out the* Author *of these Valuable Performances ; and every Body is at Liberty to bestow the* Laurel *as they please.*

THE

THE
Baſſet-Table.
AN
ECLOGUE.

THE

Buffet-Table.

AN

ECLOGUE.

THE
Baſſet-Table.
AN
ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

HE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* [come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room?
Riſe, Penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, *Madam*, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.

I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding Air,
And those feign'd Sighs which cheat the list'ning
[Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the Cause of your Romantick Strains?
A mightier Grief my heavy Heart sustains.
See! here a fit Companion of your Pain
(Yet heavier is the Grief which I sustain;)
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;
In One bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the Grief, which you compare with
[mine?
With Ease, the Smiles of Fortune I resign:

Wou'd

Wou'd all my Gold in One bad *Deal* were gone;
Were Lovely SHARPER Mine, and Mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common Care;
And Prudent Nymphs againſt that Change prepare:
The *Knave of Clubs* thrice loſt: Oh! who could [gueſs
This fatal Stroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! Very *a-propos*,
She all the Cares of *Love* and *Play* does know,
Deeply experienc'd many Years ago.
Dear BETTY ſhall th' Important Point decide;
BETTY, who oft the Pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, She ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By Cupds Ill Uſage, or by *Lovers loſt*.

Mrs. LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your Griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want ſome *Tea*.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, of *Mathers* bought,
With *Fifty Guinea's*; a great Pen'worth thought.
See on the *Tooth-pick*, *Mars* and *Cupid* ſtrive;
And both the ſtrugling Figures ſeem alive.
Upon the Bottom ſhines the *Queen*'s Bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the *Thimble-Caſe*.
Jove, *Jove* himſelf, does on the *Scizars* ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, Divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*, once the Pledge of SHARPER
[Lov
When Rival Beauties for the *Preſent* ſtrove;

At *Corticelli's* He the Raffle won,
When firſt his Paſſion was in publick ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
A Rival's Envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*, —— on the Hinge ſee *Brilliants* [ſhine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake, the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer Loſſes than I bear,
Have made a *Soldier* ſigh, a *Lover* ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the Diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card.*
In Complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own Secret Wiſh was for the *Knave.*
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the Killing Smart,
The Cruel Thought, that ſtabs me to the Heart;
This

This Curs'd OMBRELIA, this Undoing *Fair*,
By whoſe vile Arts this heavy Grief I bear;
She, at whoſe Name I ſhed theſe *ſpiteful Tears*,
She owes to me the very Charms She wears.
An *awkward Thing*, when firſt She came to Town;
Her *Shape* unfaſhion'd, and her *Face* unknown:
She was my Friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her *Sallow Cheeks* th' Enliv'ning Red:
I introduc'd her to the *Park* and *Plays*;
And by my Int'reſt, *Cozens* made her *Stays*.
Ungrateful Wretch, with Mimick Airs grown *pert*,
She dares to ſteal my *Fav'rite Lover*'s Heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſworn,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I wou'd *Punt* no more;
I know the *Bite*, yet to my *Ruin* run;
And ſee the *Folly*, which I cannot *ſhun*.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's *Vows* de-
[ceiv'd ?
How many curs'd the Moment they believ'd ?
Yet his *known Falſhoods* cou'd no Warning prove :
Ah ! what is Warning to *a Maid in Love* ?

CARDELIA.

But of what Marble muſt that Breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd ?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent
[Rank ;
Expos'd in Glorious Heaps the *Tempting Bank*,
Guineas, *Half-Guineas*, all the Shining Train ;
The *Winner*'s Pleaſure, and the *Loſer*'s Pain :
In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the Sight, all Reaſon I diſdain ;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the Rein.

Look

Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon may not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What *more* than Marble muſt that Heart compoſe,
Can hearken *coldly* to my SHARPER's *Vows*?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When Awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager Beats his *Mechlin* Cravat moves:
He Loves,---I whiſper to my ſelf, *He Loves*.
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting Heart confeſſes all his Charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his Arms:
Think of that Moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a Moment, Prudence *well* were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play;
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the *Bowl*, or ratt'ling *Dice* compares,
To *Baſſet*'s Heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a *Beau*;
PRUDINA likes a *Man*, and laughs at *Show*.
Their ſeveral *Graces* in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the *Footman*, as the *Maſter* ſweet.

Mrs. LOVET.

Ceaſe your Contention, which has been too [long;
I grow Impatient, and the *Tea*'s too ſtrong.

Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side :
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree.
Now leave Complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

ROXANA:

OR, THE

Drawing-Room.

ROXANA:

OR THE

Drawing-Room.

THE Drawing-Room.

ROXANA from the Court returning late,
Sigh'd her soft Sorrow at St. JAMES's Gate;
Such heavy Thoughts lay brooding in her Breast;
Not her own *Chairmen* with more Weight oppreſt:
They curſe the cruel Weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle Sounds expreſs'd her Care.

Was

Was it for this, that I theſe Roſes wear?
For this, new ſet the Jewels for my Hair?
An PRINCESS! with what Zeal have I purſu'd?
Almoſt forgot the Duty of a Prude!
This KING I never cou'd attend too ſoon;
I miſs'd my Pray'rs, to get me dreſs'd by Noon.
For Thee, Ah! what for Thee did I reſign;
My Paſſions, Pleaſures, all that e'er was mine?
I've ſacrific'd both Modeſty, and Eaſe;
Left *Opera's*, and went to filthy *Plays*.
Double *Entendres* ſhock'd my Tender Ear;
Yet even this for Thee, I chuſe to bear.
In glowing Youth, when Nature bids be Gay,
And ev'ry Joy of Life before me lay;
By Honour prompted, and by Pride reſtrain'd,
The Pleaſures of the Young my Soul diſdain'd.
Sermons I ſought, and with a Mien ſevere,
Cenſur'd my Neighbours, and ſaid Daily Pray'r.
Alas, how chang'd! With this ſame Sermon-
[Mien,
The filthy——*What d' ye Call it*----- I have ſeen.

Ah

Ah Royal PRINCESS! for whose Sake I lost
The Reputation, which so dear had cost:
I, who avoided ev'ry Publick Place,
When Bloom and Beauty bid me shew my Face;
Now near Thee, constant I each Night abide,
With never-failing Duty, by thy Side;
My Self and Daughters standing in a Row,
To all the *Foreigners* a Goodly Show.
Oft had your *Drawing-Room* been sadly thin,
And *Merchants Wives* close by your Side had been;
Had I not amply fill'd the Empty Place,
And sav'd Your HIGHNESS from the Dire Dis-
[grace.
Yet COCKATILLA's Artifice prevails,
When all my Duty, and my Merit fails:
That COCKATILLA, whose Deluding Airs
Corrupts our Virgins, and our Youth ensnares;
So sunk her Character, and lost her Fame,
Scarce Visited, before Your HIGHNESS came;
Yet for the *Bed-Chamber* 'tis She You chuse,
Whilst Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue You refuse.

Ah

Ah worthy Choice! Not One of all your Train,
Which Cenſure blaſts not, or Diſhonours ſtain.
I know the *Court*, with all its Treach'rous Wiles,
The *Falſe Careſſes*, and *Undoing Smiles*.
Ah PRINCESS! learn'd in all the Courtly Arts,
To *cheat* our Hopes, and yet to *gain* our Hearts.

THE
TOILET.

THE TOILET.

THE TOILET.

NOW Twenty Springs has cloath'd the Park [with Green,
Since LYDIA knew the Bloſſoms of Fifteen:
No Lovers! Now her Morning Hours moleſt,
And catch her at her Toilet half undreſt.
The thund'ring Knocker wakes the Street no more;
Nor Chairs, nor Coaches crowd the Silent Door.

Now at the Window all the Mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb Devotion of the Glaſs;
Reclin'd upon her Arm ſhe penſive ſat,
And curſt th' Inconſtancy of Men too late.

Oh Youth! Oh Spring of Life for ever loſt!
No more my Name ſhall ring the fav'rite Toaſt;
On Glaſs no more ſhall Diamond grave my Name,
And Rhimes miſpelt record my Lover's Flame.
Nor ſhall Side-Boxes watch my wand'ring Eyes,
And as they catch the Glance in Rows ariſe
With humble Bows; nor White-Glove Beau's in-
[croach
In Crowds behind to guard me to my Coach.

What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful Day?
At Chapel ſhall I wear the Morn away?
Who there appears at thoſe unmodiſh Hours,
But Ancient Matrons with their Frizled Tow'rs,
And Grey, Religious Maids? My Preſence there,
Amidſt that Sober Train, wou'd cauſe Deſpair.

Nor

Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my Glance
As yet fix'd wholly to Devotion's Trance.

Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted Range,
To *Indian* Shops, *Motteux*'s, or the *Change*;
Where the Tall Jar erects his Coſtly Pride,
With Antick Shapes, in *China*'s Azure dy'd:
There, careleſs lies the Rich *Broçade*, unroll'd;
Here, ſhines a Cabinet of Burniſh'd Gold:
But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to Pay,
Or bring no Penny-worths, or Fan away.

How am I curs'd, unhappy, and forlorn;
My Lover's Triumph, and my Sex's Scorn?
Falſe is the Pompous Grief of Youthful Heirs;
Falſe are the Looſe *Coquet*'s Inveig'ling Airs:
Falſe is the Crafty Courtier's Plighted Word;
Falſe are the Dice, when Gameſters ſtamp the Board:
Falſe is the Sprightly Widow's Publick Tear:
Yet thoſe, to DAMON's Oaths, are all Sincere.

For

For what Young Flirt, Baſe Man, am I abus'd?
To pleaſe your Wife, am I unkindly us'd?
'Tis true, her Face may boaſt the Peach's Bloom;
But does her nearer whiſp'ring Breath perfume?
I own, her Taper-Shape is made to pleaſe;
Yet when you ſee her unconfin'd by Stays,
She doubly to Fifteen may claim Pretence;
Alike we read it in her Wit and Senſe.
Inſipid, Servile Thing, that I diſdain,
Whoſe Phlegm can beſt ſupport the Marriage-
[Chain.
DAMON is practis'd in the Modiſh Life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to his Wife.
He Games, he Swears, he Drinks, he Fights, he
[Roves,
Yet CHLOE can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and Wife by Turns ſupply his Need;
A Miſs for Pleaſure, and a Wife for Breed.
Tower'd with Diamonds, free from Thought or
[Care,
She can a ſullen Husband's Humour bear.

Her

Her cred'lous Friendſhip, and her ſtupid Eaſe,
Has often been my Jeſt in happier Days.
Now CHLOE Boaſts and Triumphs in my Pains;
To her he's Faithful, 'tis to me he Feigns.
Am I that ſenſleſs Thing to bear Neglect,
And force a Smile not daring to ſuſpect.
No, —— Perjur'd Man! A Wife may be con-
[tent;
But you ſhall find a Miſtreſs can reſent.

Thus Love-ſick LYDIA rav'd; her Maid appears;
With ſteddy Hand the Band-box-Charge She bears.
How well thoſe Ribbands-Gloſs becomes your Face,
She cries in Raptures, —— Then ſo ſweet a Grace;
How charmingly you look, ſo ſtrait, ſo fair,
'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dreſs owes its Air.
Strait LYDIA ſmil'd, the Comb adjuſts her Looks,
And at the *Play-Houſe*, *Harry* keeps the Box.

FINIS.

Her credulous Friendship, and her fruitful Love.
Has often been my Joy in happier Days.
Now CHLOE Bosom and Triumphs in my Pains;
To her he's Faithful, 'tis to me he Feigns.
Am I that fruitful Thing to bear Neglect,
And force a Smile mocking to my Grief.
No, —— Perjur'd Man! A Wife may be con-
[tent;
But you shall find a Mistress can relent.

Thus LOVELIA rav'd; her Maid appears;
With steady Hand the Hand-box-Charge She bears
How well those Rich Cloths become your Face,
She cries in Rapture, —— Then to sweet a Grace;
How charmingly you look, so fresh, so fair,
'Tis to your Eyes your Head-Dress owes its Air.
Strait LOVELIA smil'd, the Comb adjusts her Locks,
And at the Play-House, Harry keeps the Box.

FINIS